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SEA-WEEDS IN A SHELL.

How fair and delicate they be,
 The things that grow within the sea!
 What varying grace of form and hue!
 As if a wizard-artist drew
 In outline on the ocean-floor
 The finished wonders of the shore.
 What hints gleam out in every line;
 The needly branches of the pine,
 Whose rough bole hides the leaning rose
 That only woodland silence knows;—
 The fuzzy hills in twilight's gloom;—
 The peach-boughs, faintly pink with bloom;
 The fields a-flame with May-day's glow;—
 The naked woods that bide the snow;—
 Whatever on the shore may be,
 Hath some foreshadowing in the sea.
 The tender curve, the outline clear,
 Reveal the Master-workman here;
 A simple, spiritual grace;—
 Heaven seen within an infant's face;
 The love-light rippling o'er its birth,
 Before it knows itself and earth.

A hand—and whose I guess right well—
 Steered through the snow a pearly shell
 Laden with sea-weeds, unto me;
 Wherein my heart drifts out to sea.
 I hear no more the rattling sleet;
 My thoughts, an idle nautilus-fleet,
 Afloat upon a sunlit wave,
 Where never north wind dares to rave,
 Sees lovelier visions than are born
 In sight of landward-looking morn.
 Life-buds that upward, outward grow,
 And make the soul of nature's show.
 Bright germs of being, formed and spent
 Within their perfect element,
 Which for themselves no reason give—
 Save that they're beautiful, and live.

Oh, many a lovely thing was planned
 For caverned sea and blooming land.
 And good it is to study out
 The work a God hath been about.
 Yet weary in the search we grow;
 Not all our wisdom is to know.
 What know we half so dear as this?
 We are, and truth, and beauty is?

So float we careless from the shore,
 While life comes rippling, eddying o'er,
 Drifting immortal hints within
 Of all that shall be, or hath been.
 Joy! from the beauty-burdened sea
 Anew to quaff eternity!
 To feel, of all that Love can give,
 The largest blessing is, to live:
 To live and grow, what'er befall,
 Into the great, harmonious All.

LUOY LARCOM.

Notes and Queries.

APPENDED to the Longfellow's poem of the "Skeleton in Armor" is a brief note of an antiquity which, though now almost forgotten, in its day created much sensation. The skeleton which the poet has used as the basis of his romance, was the remains of a human being, which was exhumed some twenty years since at Fall River, Massachusetts. It was discovered by some workmen while digging in a sand-bank. It was in a sitting posture, and otherwise arranged in accordance with the usages of Indian burial. The armor found with it, however, was of a kind supposed to be unknown to that race. This consisted of a zone or belt some eight inches wide, made of copper tubes, hung upon strings of hide. Upon the front there was a large breast-plate or shield of the same metal, and lying by, several arrows and spear heads of a peculiar construction. The flesh which came in contact with the metal, strange as it may appear, was soft, and retained its form, but the bones were very much decayed. The skeleton was carefully preserved in the village Lyceum of Fall River, where it became an object of great attraction. It has since been destroyed by fire.

About the time the Skeleton in Armour was found, the Northern Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, published an account of the journeys of the Northmen to America in the tenth century. Amongst those was a hitherto unknown journal of an expedition which sailed down the eastern coast of North America to Narragansett bay, so graphically describing the scenery as to make it easy to trace their progress by this test alone. They went up Mount Hope Bay, where Fall River is now situated, and here their captain was killed by the Indians and by them buried.

The discovery of the skeleton, clad in armor, precisely similar to that known to be in use in the north of Europe at the time of the sailing of the expedition, seemed at once to stamp it as the remains of the long lost captain. A great deal of learned dissertation was expended to prove this position, and for a number of years the antiquaries of Europe and America congratulated themselves upon the knowledge and possession of this wonderful relic. We believe to this day the above theory of its origin is implicitly believed both in this country and in Europe.

It is not a pleasant task, perhaps, to assail so good a romance. But facts are stubborn things. The subsequent discovery of several other skeletons in the same neighborhood, clad in the same armor, and in all respects corresponding exactly to the one which first came to light, upsets the whole theory. Some traditions, too, were afterwards discovered, which pointed out the skeleton in armor to be the remains of an Indian chief. These facts leave us to conclude that the armor was furnished to the Indians by the Northmen in quantity, and that the Indians, according to custom, buried their dead with this armor. The Northern Society of learned antiquarians have not given ear to the reports of these more recent discoveries, being unwilling, no doubt, to admit the truth of a story which disproves their delightful romance. Neither have they given, it seems to us, due heed to the opinion of phrenologists, that the skull of the skeleton in armor was that of an Indian.

In the neighborhood of Fall River there are several rocks covered with rude inscriptions, which are supposed to be the